

Project New Noble Team

by Nobel Six

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Summary: Noble six survives Reach and is charged with making a new Noble Team, but with new villians things wont be easy

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Welcome to our new story! It takes place in an alternate Halo timeline where Noble Six survives, and rebuilds the Noble Team. It will have a whole new team, new weapons, new bad guys, and best of all, there is no Flood whatsoever! Please tell us what you think!\*\***

Prologue:

\_INTR\_\_UDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!" \_The call echoed around the Pillar of Autumn. "\_BANSHEE APPROACHING MAIN DOCKING BAY! ALL HANDS REPORT TO BATTLE STATIONS!"\_ Colonel Holen looked over the shoulder of a technician. "Well? What have we got?" "Not much sir," replied the technician, "the Banshees giving all the correct codes. Should we let it in?" "Sure," said the Colonel, "if it's a covenant pilot, we'll be ready for it."

Marines and Spartans circled the Banshee as it touched down. They all watched tensely as the cockpit hissed open. A tattered figure in familiar red and gold armor stepped out. "My &\*%!" said Holen, "Lieutenant Six!" The lieutenant pulled off his shattered helmet and grinned as everyone ran over to him. "Did anybody miss me?" he asked.

**\*\*It may not be much, but theres a lot to come (six books in fact!). If any of you have ideas for new Halo tech, good guys, bad guys, or anything else, please tell us. We're always on the lookout for new ideas, and we're open for help! Please say what you think of it!\*\***

## 2. Chapter 1

### Chapter One:

"So how have things gone since I was gone?" asked Lieutenant Six, as he and Colonel Holen walked down a hallway of the Pillar of Autumn. "Wellâ€" said Holen, "for one thing we've decided that the Military needs a new team of Spartans." "Oh really?" Six laughed, "All ready? I thought I would have to convince them myself!" "But first things first," Holen said, "you have to assemble the team, rank members; this isn't going to be easy."

"Don't be a spoil sport!" laughed Six, "this will be better than that last lone wolf mission I did." "I don't see how you can see that as fun in retrospect." said Holen, "Now let's start looking for some new members."

"Take a look around, Six," said Colonel Holen, "some of these men in rehab could be the best soldiers in the navy." Six stared around the room at the soldiers lying in cots. Nurses bustled around the room, tending to the patients. Lieutenant Six walked down the rehab center, looking at each of the marines and Spartans in turn. As he reached the end of the room, one of the Spartans caught his eye. a girl lay on the cot, wearing white and green armor and missing her right hand. She looked a lot like Kat, except for her green eyes and ear length black hair.

"Hello there soldier," said Lieutenant Six, "What happened to your hand?" She stared off into space. "Touchy subject, eh?" Six stopped a doctor, "What happened to her?" he asked, pointing to the girl. "Hum, apparently a group of Elites cornered her and cut off her hand with an energy sword." The doctor said, and then kept walking. Lieutenant Six looked at the patients chart. The patients name was Jewel.

"So Cortana," said Six, "Got anyone else I could possibly pick?" Cortana thought for a minuet as she ran through all the Spartans records, analyzed them, and decided on the best choices, "The Spartans Frog Leap, Jewel, Norman, Holmes, Thompson, Mage, Pressfist, Joe, Chris, Sharp, and Tim might be suited for the program." "Hmmm," said Lieutenant Six, "Could we set them all up for a testing program?" Cortana whirred as she thought of the best time. "As soon as we return to a planet base." "and how long will that take?" asked Lieutenant Six. Cortana whirred again, calculating times, places, and training courses.

Inside a planet UNSC base, and an almost completely fabricated obstacle courseâ€"

Holen paced in front of a line of Spartans. "You all have been gathered here at this special training program for one thing, and one thing only." He said, "To rebuild the Noble team." The soldiers blinked in surprise. "Any one want to go first?" Holen asked, breaking the silence. One Spartan in pure black armor (including a black visor) stepped forward. "Soldier, state your name and rank!" barked Holen. "Holmes, Captain grade 2, sir!" Yelled Holmes. "Anyone want to go next?" said Holen. A soldier with teal camo armor marched forwards, following Holmes' example. "Name and rank, soldier." Barked Holen. "Tim, War Officer Grade 3!" responded the teal clad soldier. Colonel Holen moved on, and names and ranks rattled past.

"Joe, War Officer grade 2, sir!"

"Sharp, Captain grade 3, sir!"

"Thompson, Sergeant grade three, sir!"

"Frogleap, War officer grade 1, sir!"

"Norman, Captain Grade 1, sir!"

"Chris, Captain, sir!"

"Jewel, Lieutenant Colonel, sir!"

"Mage, War Officer, sir!"

"Pressfist, Private, sir!"

After Holen passed the last Spartan in line, he turned and surveyed the line. "All right soldiers! First on your list is the number one obstacle course!" All the Spartans groaned. They had had enough obstacle courses in training to last a lifetime. But orders were orders, so they all stood at attention and listened.

"Now," said Colonel Holend, "this obstacle course is half a mile long, two thirty foot climbs, several dozen punching dummy groups, mine fields, shooting walls, and one killer climbing wall. Complete with killer implements." The soldiers blanched under their helmets, the colonel clearly expected the best of them. Emphasis on best.

"Oh, and one last thingâ€¦" called the Colonel as they moved onto the course, "this course is stocked with hungry animals insidious to this planet." Everyone turned to stare at Colonel Holend. "Good luck Spartans," he laughed.

Frogleap stared at the imposing thirty foot climb, and gulped. If he fell off this one he might break some bones, or his neck. He sighed, crouched down and jumped. Ten feet up, Frogleap snatched one of the climbing stones on the wall, and jumped again. His hand hit the top of the climb, and he pulled himself up. Frogleap sat and caught his breath for a moment, then got up and turned to the opposite wall.

Suddenly Colonel Holend buzzed in on the intercom. "that's your special qualifications Spartan?" he bellowed, "jumping really high?" Frogleap grinned, somewhat sheepishly. "Oh, that's just fine!" roared the colonel into the intercom, "Just how do you expect to get down? A leap of faith?" Frogleap, quite befuddled by this sat and thought for a minute. "But sir, I don't see any haystacks around." Colonel Holend, quite steamed by these events roared back, "Well then improvise! I don't care!"

Frogleap thought for a bit more, as he looked for a suitable haystack replacement. Finally he saw a nice lump on the ground. It looked soft. It might be a good landing place. There was a bigger lump next to it, but it looked to spiky. Well, the colonel said to improvise, so this would have to do.

Jewel looked anxiously at Mage, who lay groaning next to the

monstrous body of a 'native creature.' "You alright?" she asked, "That last beastie was rather mean." "Stow the pity, Ruby girl," he snarled as he got up. Jewel frowned and stood up, "its \_Jewel \_not Ruby, smiley boy!" she snarled back. Then she cocked her head, listening. "Do you hearâ€¦ screaming?" she said. Biting back a snarky reply, Mage listened. Jewel was right, someone was screaming. And it sounded like it was getting closer!

WHUMPH!

"AAGH!" howled Mage as Frog Leap landed on him, slamming him back into the ground. A dazed but unhurt Frog Leap stood, rubbing his backside, "Ooh, that hurt!" he said, "But it could have been worse!" An angry moan interrupted Frog Leap, who turned to see what caused it. "Well I'm glad to have helped you, Frogger," moaned Mage as he got up.

"Mage! Where did you come from?" cried Frog Leap. "Apparently from under you." Said Mage, he stood up completely, drawing a shuddering crack from his spine-cum-landing platform. "And why the %^&#) did you jump on me for?" Frog Leap looked sheepishly at Mage and Jewel, "Well the colonel said to do a leap of faith, but there weren't any haystacks around, and I thought that Mage was a replacement." Mage and Jewel shared a look; Frog Leap obviously wasn't the brightest knife in the drawer.

"Well, since that's all sorted out, lets get moving, boys!" said Jewel, and started down the path, past the dead creature. "Hey!" yelled Mage, as he moved after her, "this isn't resolved!" Frog Leap stood for a moment, and looked at the big spiky monster for a moment before he followed.

Maybe he should have jumped on it.

Thompson and Holmes stared at the killer wall. The killer walls moving blades, energy barriers, magma, falling boulders, and angry animals stared back. "Well he was right," said Thompson, "it \_does\_ come with killer implements." Holmes spared a withering glance at Thompson, then turned back to the wall. "Killer implements don't win wars," he said, "now let's get cracking." Thompson looked after Holmes as he started up the slop, dodging purple gunk. "Oh, wellâ€¦" he mumbled, and started after Holmes.

"Well, soldiers," said Colonel Holend as he marched down the line of Spartans, "Only five of you made it into the program, but there's only supposed to be six Nobles, so it works out." The Spartans perked up, each hoping he/she'd made it onto the team.

"Annnd the winners areâ€¦" said Colonel Holend, as if expecting a drum roll, "Noble 2, Jewel!" Jewel grinned and stepped forward. "Noble 3, Holmes" Holmes stepped forward too. "Noble 4, Chris" Chris did the same. "Noble 5, Tim" Tim walked forwards. "Noble, 6, Mage" by this time, you can guess what Mage did.

"The rest of you are dismissed," said Colonel Holend. The other Spartans groaned and filed out of the training center. "Sir," said Tim, "Who's Noble 1?" Colonel Holend smiled, "Your commanding officer will be the former Noble Six, now known to all of you as 'Dark wolf'." The 'Former Noble Six, now known as Dark wolf' marched out into the training center, "Congratulations, all of you for making it

onto the New Noble Team." He said, as he marched forwards. "Don't start any big speeches, Dark wolf," said the Colonel, "your first mission starts now."

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*I just want to give a special thanks to The Fanfiction Writer. I promise you we are working on the files for the Nobles but I can't gaurnetee a date.\*\***

### Chapter 2

**\*\*The notorious Halo Ring Installation 04â€|\*\***

The Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice, Blay'de Haulduur marched through the halls of Installation 04 in a rage. The massive eight foot nine elite wore blue and gold feild marshal armor. Blay'de cleched his personal communication tablet until the device cracked and splintered under the strain. Blay'de thought about his current 'predicament.' The Three Prophets had threatened to replace him with a backstabbing, hapless little Minor named Thel 'Vadamee if they kept getting reports of his 'unorthodox' behavior. So what he had been taking the occasional technology sample or so for studyâ€| all right a lot of technology samples.

The High Prophets apparently didn't like their Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice tampering with sacred Forerunner artifacts to find out more about them. Blay'de would just have to get them out of the way if he was going to continue his studies of Forerunner technology. And besides, Blay'de had found plenty of interesting items to play with. Extremely destructive items capable of killing a Hunter with a single shot.

Oh, right. The High Prophets were also mad at him for 'the needless execution of crew members.' Just one more thing to take care of.

Blay'de reached his private quarters, and marhced in the doorway past a huge chunk of machinery. Blay'de walked over to his desk and fiddled with a few experimental weapons on the top, still seething about the High Prophets orders. He put them down and pulled up a file program on his hologram-computer.

He flipped through a couple of old project plans until one old note caught his eye. It stated a strange similarity between a Forerunner weapon and a human weapon called a 'Spartan Laser.' The note said to look into it some more. Since Blay'de had nothing else to do but brood, he decided to follow the notes instructions.

He walked over to a cluttered corner of the quarters and pulled out the Forerunner weapon in question. He then searched around for a 'Spartan Laser' sample, finding one under the large thing beside the door.

Blay'de, once seated, began to dissect the two pieces of machinery. Once he was finished, he pulled up a program on his computer and scanned the two piles of metal. As he looked over the weapons on the computer, he realized that the two had more in common than he had realized; the power sources were almost the same, accuracy systems,

and many other things.

Blay'de sat back and thought this over. Then he leaned forward and looked up the 'Spartan Laser.' When the file came up, Blay'de skimmed through it till he found what he was looking for; humans actually thought the weapon was advanced! Blay'de chewed on this mouthful for a moment. Then he re-examined the Forerunner weapon, and compared it to some of the others.

According to Forerunner technology, this was a primitive weapon! And the humans came up with it thousands of years later! Blay'de got an idea, but he didn't like it. Hopefully he would be able to disprove it.

Feverishly, Blay'de looked up the timelines of both the Forerunners and the humans, and compared them. It was just as he thought! The Forerunners disappear for a decade or so, then the humans appear. This ran through Blay'des head for a moment, before he came to the conclusion. Humans were somehow descended or connected to the Forerunners!

Blay'de thought back to an old rumor that had spread around for a while when the Covenant was still new. Some old kooky elite had said the humans were descended from Forerunners. The old elite had been killed, and the rumor squashed, but it was looking very plausible now.

Blay'de suddenly had an idea; revealing this to the Covenant might get him a higher foothold in the government, it might even help him get even with the High Prophets!

Blay'de marched up to the bridge of the Ring, smiling to himself. As he marched over to the captains seat, he called one of the Jackal tenants.

"Bring me the communications relay for the Installation." he said. The tenant nodded hurriedly and fetched the relay device.

"Attention crew members!" Blay'de boomed into the tablet. "There has been a change of plans. You will strip the Installation of all useful technology and load it onto all available carriers."

Blay'de ignored the horrified looks of the bridge crew members and continued, "You will then evacuate the entire Installation, and seal it."

One of the General classes looked angrily at his fellows and stepped forwards. "But Supreme Commander, did the High Prophets order this 'change in plans?'"

Blay'de looked calmly at the rebellious general, and stopped to think, as if uncertain. Suddenly Blay'de's fist shot out and crashed into the Elite's throat, instantly shattering spine and jugular.

"Do you think," Blay'de said as the dead general fell limply to the ground, "I need orders?"

**\*\*To be continued...\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Part Two:\*\***

Colonel Holland marched the newly assembled Noble team down the halls of the Pillar of Autumn as he discussed their first mission.

"We believe that the so called Installations are an immense tactical advantage to the Covenant forces. We've discussed trying to take over the rings but mostly everyone was against. So we've decided to bomb the \*&^) out of the place."

"Are you sure?" asked Darkwolf, "last time we tried something like this, not only did we lose a man, but more of the problem showed up."

"Relax!" scoffed Holland, "there's only two operational Installations, and we know exactly how to destroy this one."

the group marched into a large chamber, where Doctor Halsey waited. Behind her sat four enormous warheads.

"Greetings, New Noble Team," said Halsey, "as the Colonel should have explained, you are to destroy Installation accomplish this goal, we have four experimental warheads, each equipped with a slipspace transporter, and programmed to destroy a specific part of the Installation."

At the mention of slipspace transporters, Darkwolf looked up. "Slipspace transporters? How exactly do these warheads work?"

Halsey smiled sheepishly, "Well, given the success of Kats plan to destroy a carrier with a slipspace transporter..."

Darkwolf made the connection, and put his head in his hands, "Its a slipspace bomb?"

"Yes."

"Come \_on\_."

"This is no time for grumbling, Noble 1!" said Tim, "We have a mission to accomplish!"

"My thoughts exactly," said Holland, "Because we are launching distance from the Installation already!"

Dark Wolf groaned as the team turned to face the Colonel.

"Your mission (besides blowing up the Installation) is to keep the Covenant forces from destroying the four missiles."

Colonel Holland gestured to three Star Sabers set up in their launch pad on the wall.

Darkwolf groaned again.

Darkwolf climbed into the cockpit of his Star Saber, and buckled himself in. Then he turned his head back to face the Colonel.

"By the way, who am I going with?"

Colonel Holland pointed to Jewel, who was climbing the ladder up to Dark Wolfs Star Saber. If he hadn't been on his back, Dark Wolf would have slammed his head into the dashboard.

"WARNING! PREPARING TO LAUNCH! ALL PERSONELLE EXIT THE AREA!" blared the speakers.

Marines and workers ran out of the room as red lights flashed and the Sabers began to tilt towards the launching bay. Colonel Holland turned to the three Star Sabers, "Good luck, Spartans!" he said before leaving the launching pad.

Fire erupted from the four warheads and the three Star Sabers, pushing them towards the now open bay doors. Slowly, then faster and faster, the seven crafts flew out the door, into open space.

As the ships flew out of the slipspace portal, Mage opened up his comlink and said to Darkwolf, "Hey leader! Any advice?"

Darkwolf smiled grimly under his helmet, "Yup. Don't get your \$# blown up."

The three Sabers and four missiles streaked towards the now visible Installation. All of the Nobles looked at it.

"%^&\*." mumbled Holmes, "I had no idea it was so huge."

And indeed it was.

## 5. Chapter 5

### Chapter 3:

"So, here they are at last." Blay'de smiled grimly, "How predictable." Blay'de turned around to face the cobbled together armada of any carrier fit to carry. All were stuffed to overflowing with Forerunner technology. Blay'de walked to one of the only supercarriers in the fleet. He quickly made his way to the bridge of the enormous craft.

"All crafts prepare to launch." He said into a comlink.

Blay'de sat back into his commanders chair and watched as the fleet flowed out of the bay and into space.

"Whoa!" called Tim over the comlink, "What's going on? All the Covenant ships are leaving the Installation! Do you think they know we're coming?"

Darkwolf frowned, "We don't know, but brace for impact!"

The Covenant ships flew right past, ingnoring the tiny strike force. The Nobles watched warily as they were engulfed by the constant stream of Covenant ships. Then, suddenly, all the Covenant ships were gone, dissapearing through a slipspace portal.

"Well," said Jewel, "what the crap was that?"



The Nobles sat in stunned silence for a while. Then the Colonel buzzed in on the comlink.

"What's going on over there? You're supposed to be protecting the missiles!"

The Nobles jerked into action. They had ignored the missiles, which were now closing in on the final stretch to the Installation. Suddenly plasma flashed around the missiles! There were some Covenant ships left, trying to protect their precious Installation.

"All Nobles!" called Darkwolf, "Keep those ships distracted!"

The three Star Sabers streaked towards their charges, desperately trying to reach them before they were destroyed. Darkwolf quickly fired the Sabers' lasers at the nearest Seraph, distracting it from throwing a plasma charge at one of the missiles. The other Covenant pilots quickly reacted, firing upon the new targets. Laser fire flashed through space, throwing the once serene picture of Installation 04 into chaos. Darkwolf quickly dispatched his target with a cloud of missiles, then turned to deal with more. He shot a Banshee down with lasers that was trying to shoot Holmes and Mage.

"Thanks!" quipped Mage before their Star Saber turned to do battle with a Phantom.

Darkwolf turned the Star Saber to come face to face with a Banshee's plasma missiles! With a shout, he turned the Saber downwards, only to have the missiles follow.

"Jewel!" he said, "We got any chaff?"

"Yup," came his partners' reply.

"Then use it!" yelled Darkwolf, "Before we're blown sky high!"

Jewel pressed a button, releasing a cloud of metal pieces. The plasma missiles hit the flying chunks of metal and exploded in a burst of energy.

"Good job, soldier!" yelled Darkwolf, then said, "Ack!" as they collided with a floating piece of Phantom hull.

The cockpit of the Star Saber was blown into a million pieces, and Jewel knocked unconscious by the large piece of purple metal.

"JEWEL!" yelled Darkwolf, as his co-pilot was sucked out into space.

## 6. Chapter 6

Darkwolf immediately unbuckled himself, and leaped out into space after Jewel. He pushed off the Star Saber towards his quarry. Darkwolf's hand clamped down on her ankle. Darkwolf breathed a sigh of relief, which quickly turned to a curse as he realized that they were stuck drifting away from their craft. The curses got louder as a

squadron of Banshees turned on the Saber and blew it to peices.

Then, of course, the squadron turned to finish of the surviving pilots. "Jewel..." mumbled Darkwolf, "Now would be a great time to wake up..." Jewel didn't stirr.

Darkwolf tapped her helmet lense. No response.

A bolt of energized plasma raced over their heads.

Jewel awoke with a start. "Of course," sighed Darkwolf.

"What's going on?" asked Jewel. Darkwolf gave her the situation, all the while dodging the now numerous plasma shots. By the time he finished the squad was ready to go over their heads and come around for another pass.

Jewel said, "We should probably grab some ships and jack them."

"My thought exactly," said Darkowolf, as he snatched at a passing Banshee.

"Very well," said Jewel, then she pushed Darkwolf onto one of the Banshees, at the same time propelling herself onto another. There, she forced open the cockpit, shoved the extremely surprised Elite out of his seat, and took controll of the craft. Darkwolf did the same. Soon, they were back in action, taking out Covenant crafts. Jewel almost got shot by an overzealous Tim, but it turned out fine.

At least, everything seemed to be fine until one of the Phantoms crashed into the fourth missile and blew it up. "Crap!" yelled Holmes as a wave of flourocent blue energy rippled out from the missile, "We lost one!"

All they could do now was watch as the three remaining missiles hit, cracking the Installation into three peices. "Great," said Darkwolf, "Now we have to figure out a way to destroy that last section of the ring!" But, just as he began to formulate a new plan, the final part of the Installation erupted in a brilliant flash of purple light. The other two peices exploded as well.

"Well," said Tim, looking at the fading bursts, "that was . . . actually rather simple!"

"I dunno," said Darkwolf, "Cortana didn't say anything about the ring blowing up on its own . . ."

This didn't make any sense, if Cortana didn't say it would explode like that, then it probably wouldn't. And everyone knew that the ring couldn't be sabatodged like that . . . right?

Three billion lightyears away, Blay'de read a hidden data output device on his wrist and smiled. His plan was going \_just\_ right.

## 7. Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

Blay'de Haulduur, you are charged with treason of the highest levels," said the High Prophet Regret from his pedestal to the left of the room. You have improperly used the technology of the Forerunners, and of all things- abandoned one of The Rings to destruction."

Regret paused and took a deep breath, AHow does the accused plead to these charges?"

Blay'de checked his left- yes the Brute from the night before still had the bag of little blue marbles with him. Blay'de smiled and looked back at the three high prophets on their prophets. AWhy, guilty on all counts," he said casually, and flicked a hidden switch on his thumb armor.

And the brute to his left burst into a crackling ball of blue light.

The ball of light shrunk and fizzed out, leaving only the bag of small blue marbles. Only they weren't marbles anymore. They were glistening and growing balls of angry energy, which then zipped about the room, and made contact with every person except Blay'de. Then they fizzed out.

The High Prophets looked around, confused. What were those things? Then suddenly, a bolt of electricity crackled across The High Prophet Truth's face. It was followed by more and more, and the same thing happened to every other person the balls had hit. The other brutes were beginning to panic; how did they fight this? The bolts of electricity thickened, covering the high prophets and guards. Soon they were all figures wreathed in blue light. Then the figures exploded.

Blay'de smiled again as he looked around at the slowly falling pillars of ash. He dropped his cuffs on the ground; he had deactivated them earlier. Then he walked back over to the original bag that had held the killer balls and picked it up. AOf course, my friend," he whispered, Akeep all of these you want."

Then, Blay'de stood and looked back at the doors. There was a whole Covenant of races out there, ready to be converted to his side.

## 8. Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

So, what happened?" asked Holland, I hear the mission was successful, but why do you all look so glum?" He looked around the briefing room, where the entire Noble Team sat, in deep thought.

Darkwolf looked up at him. "The ring didn't just explode the way we planned it. The whole thing was obliterated, but Cortana didn't say anything about that, did she?"

Cortana's face appeared on a hologram projector in the middle of the table. It was one possible theory that it could explode as you have described. Did any of the missiles hit off target?"

"Well, one of the missiles did not hit the ring..." said Tim, "Could that have something to do with it?"

"No." Cortana said, "in fact, the ring would barely have exploded at all."

Well, what if someone ordered the ring to self-destruct?" said Jewel.

Completely impossible. The Covenant believe the rings to be sacred, and would not allow one to be destroyed at all costs."

Holmes sat forwards, "Also, most of the Covenant fleet left. The only trouble we had was from some squads of fighters, not anything else."

Cortana stopped to think. This was unusual; the Covenant would never let so much as a human satellite to come near one of their rings. What could have happened

## 9. The New Covenant

### The New Covenant

Blay'de Haulduur, former Supreme Commander, marched out onto a balcony, overlooking an enormous force of Covenant soldiers. At the sight of Blay'de, a condemned prisoner, the troops began to shift and whisper, looking suspiciously at him. Blay'de sighed, he would only get one chance at this, and if he got it wrong, the army would tear him to pieces in their wrath.

"My brothers!" he boomed to the crowds. He immediately got their attention. "The High Prophets have lied to you!" Now they were all staring at him. If he messed up now, then they wouldn't take kindly to himâ€¦

"They have spun tales to you of eliminating all species in the universe, but in reality, we only need be rid of one!" he pressed a button on his wrist armor, and it showed a hologram of a human, floating in front of him. "The humans are the one species we need destroy, for they are the sacrilegious descendants of the Forerunners!"

He really had the Covenant's attention now. He was questioning their religion, what they had been raised on, the reason they were fighting this war.

"The humans were born in disgusting circumstances, and now have taken over from the Forerunners. Because of them, our deities are now gone. They must be eliminated!"

Some of the Covenant cheered at this, but he still had to sway the races less dependent on religion, such as the Brutes, or the Hunters.

"And also," he continued, "the High Prophets have kept incredible technology of the Forerunners from us! They attempt to keep us in a primitive dark, while they live in light and luxury!" Now, Blay'de reached under the balcony railing, where a few Jackals, loyal to his

cause, had hidden what he needed.

Soon, Blay'de found what he was looking for, detached it from the railing, and raised it high.

"See what they have kept from us!" he roared to the crowds, holding a long silver rifle aloft.

The crowds looked impassively at the weapon. It didn't look that impressive.

Blay'de frowned, "They have kept from us mighty weapons that do incredible things!"

He turned the silver rifle on a pillar, which stretched up at the door to the balcony, and fired. A glistening blue ball of energy streaked out of the gun, and blasted into the pillar.

The pillar was instantly vaporized by a burst of blue light.

Blay'de turned back to the crowds and raised the weapon high.

"With these weapons, we will be able to destroy the humans, and any others who stand in our way!"

Now the crowds roared their approval. They had a new purpose, and the means of which to reach it.

Blay'de smiled. He was no longer Supreme Commander, he was the New Prophet, and he had the full force of the Covenant at his fingertips.

## 10. Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

KACHAM! Chris reloaded his sniper rifle and aimed at the target again. Across the Spartan Training Area the current members of the Noble team were all working on honing their respective skills. Most were in target practice, but a few, including Dark Wolf and Holmes, were working in hand to hand combat.

Dark Wolf jumped off the climbing wall and landed on a dummy dressed in Elite armor. The dummy immediately collapsed under the 1000-plus pounds of Spartan. Dark Wolf reached down and picked up the old, semi-crushed Elite helmet. He raised it to eye level and looked at the empty eyeholes in the grinning blue helmet. Then he pulled his assault rifle off his back and blasted the helmet to smithereens.

After what had happened with Jewel defending the missiles had only served to prove a nagging doubt of his:

The new Noble Team might not make it. If it had the luck of the past Noble Team, then only one member might survive. Maybe not even thatY

Dark Wolf would have to take this up with Colonel Holland.

Dark Wolf marched into Holland's office, ready to deliver his theory.

"Noble Team leader your just the person I wanted to see!"

Dark Wolf stopped dead. What was going on?

But, the Colonel didn't give him a chance to ask what was going on, "Given the success with your previous mission; Command has decided that you and your team are to take a new mission."

"What?" Burst Dark Wolf.

Colonel Holland only paused to eye Dark Wolf angrily, then plowed on, "Also, the Covenant has been unusually quiet for a group of religious fanatics who just claimed one of our major military outposts, and had one of their religious artifacts destroyed. Command wants the mission to begin effectively immediately."

Dark Wolf stared in disbelief. The Colonel was calling the mission a success? They didn't even know why the Installation had exploded like a purple firework, let alone the fact that one of the team members had almost been killed. But they would probably just say almost= to that one.

"Yes sir", sighed Dark Wolf. Then he turned and walked out the door.

ALL MEMBERS OF NOBLE TEAM, REPORT TO BRIEFING ROOM SEVEN, blared one of the annoyingly loud speaker systems. Across the training room, each of the specially trained Spartans dropped what he or she was doing and headed for the door.

"What do you think it is now?" Snarled Mage, grouchy as ever.

"Given the success of our previous mission, I do believe that we are being assigned a new one, probably with some military significance," said Jewel.

Everyone looked at her.

"That was probably the most jargon filled sentence I've ever heard out of someone other than a techies mouth", said Tim, attempting to break the ice.

Mage gave an exasperated sigh and sped up, soon leaving the other team members behind.

They reached the briefing room, and a guard stepped aside of the door to let them in. As they marched inside, Colonel Holland and Dark Wolf both stood to acknowledge their presence.

"Well, Spartans", said Holland, "I won't keep you long, seeing as Command want=s you back in the field ASAP."

"So, what exactly is the new mission, sir?" Asked Tim.

"Simple. You're returning to Reach."

All the Nobles sat stunned for a moment. Then they all began talking

at once.

"Sir, we can't return to Reach!" said Dark Wolf.

"We were overpowered by a fleet three times the size of ours, with each ship holding enough power to destroy a military frigate," said Holmes, "Why in the world would we go back?"

Mage merely slouched in his seat and muttered something about the UNSC all being idiots. Chris and Tim began to discuss the likelihood of everyone dying if they went back to Reach with Jewel.

Colonel Holland pounded on the table for attention, "Nobles, Command's word is final. You are going back to Reach, whether you like it or not."

Tim did not like his mission one bit.

Apparently, the UNSC was going to get some attention by blowing the tar out of a couple of Covenant Super Carriers, and reestablishing a base on Reach.

The team's primary target was one of the more recently arrived Super Carrier, which was enormous even by Super Carrier standards. There was some speculation that it was a special flagship, leading to it being chosen as the target.

Of course, since the UNSC needed most of its best men on the ground and some of them sabotaging the Super Carrier, the job of leading the strike team had fallen to Tim. The rest of the Nobles were waiting in a troop of Pelicans waiting for as soon as the Super Carrier dropped out of orbit.

Tim considered his entry of the Super Carrier to be the worst part of all. He and a pair of ODST marines would be blasted at the Super Carrier in Orbital Drop Pods, and once on the hull, they would work their way inside the ship, plant the bomb and jump onto the planet below. They all had jetpacks, which would make the drop considerably easier.

But, Tim had always hated roller coasters.

As he climbed into his drop pod, Tim looked around the launch bay at his team members. It would be a small strike force, with only three members.

Tim considered his teammates.

Ajax O'Connors was powerfully built, but belying his name, Ajax was one of the shortest ODST in his squad. His armor was the standard camo ODST colors, and he strongly favored his combat knife.

Nathan Bradshaw seemed a good fellow.

'It's an easy mission,' Tim repeated to himself as he buckled his straps in the pod, 'It's an easy mission.'

"I'm ready," he said into the communicator.

"Same here," reported Bradshaw.

"Well, I'm good to go. Are we leaving yet?" growled Ajax, eager to reach the action.

"All agents are ready," said the computer over the com system, "Preparing to exit Slip Space and eject Orbital Drop Podsâ€¦"

Moments later, the computer spoke up again, "Successfully exited Slip Space, Covenant forces have noticed us and are engaging. Preparing to launch Drop Pods, Count down initiated."

"Well, let's get ready, boys," said Tim.

"We're right after you," said Ajax, "Just remember to leave us a couple of bad guys, Mr. Supersoldier."

"I'll keep that in mind," replied Tim.

"Five, four, three, two, one, zero- launch!" blared the computer, and the three Drop Pods were blasted out of the hangar at incredibly high speeds.

Ajax roared in elation as the three pods flew through the vast emptiness of space towards their target, but Tim and Bradshaw were quieter.

They knew this mission might as well be their last.

Tim took a deep breath as the computer said, "three hundred miles from target."

"Two hundred and fifty miles.

"Two hundred miles.

"One hundred and fifty miles.

"One hundred miles.

"Fifty miles."

WHOOM

The landing was somewhat uncomfortable, but the pod absorbed most of the momentum, slowing its speed to several miles an hour.

With a loud clunk, the hatch of the pod opened to reveal an angry looking Elite.

"Pardon me," said Tim, and jumped out of the pod, onto the Elite. Tim quickly pulled his battle rifle off his back, aimed for the nearest alien, and fired. The high caliber bullets blasted the alien (a terrified looking Grunt) off its feet and into a Jackal standing behind it.

Cortana's aim of the pods had proven accurate; they were several yards away from one of the maintenance doors atop the Super Carrier. Fortunately, the commander of the ship must have only thought the Drop Pods minor and sent only a small force to investigate.



To Tim's right and left, Ajax and Bradshaw did the same, carving a path through the opposing group of Covenant troops. Ajax had a powerful explosive the size of a football tucked under his arm. With their commanding officer gone, the Covenant strike force quickly turned tail and fled.

One of the Grunts ran screaming to the docking bay of the Super Carrier, where its cries would quickly alert more of the aliens inside.

"Quick! Kill that Grunt!" said Tim.

Bradshaw turned in time to see the Grunt ready to leap inside the bay door, and fired his assault rifle. The bullet struck the Grunt in the head, killing it instantly, and it slid to the floor.

"Good work," said Tim.

"Mm-hmm. One of those wailing little banshees would bring the house down on top of us," added Ajax.

Then the Grunts body fell in the bay door.

The three soldiers raced to the edge of the bay door, in time to see the Grunts body, victim of low gravity on the surface of the ship, hit the empty floor below. The alien personnel had left for other battle stations.

"Close oneâ€|" whispered Tim.

Then he turned to Ajax, "You've got the bomb?"

"Safe and sound, Mr. Supersoldier."

"Good. Let's find a good spot to put it."

Up in the bridge of the Super Carrier sat Blay'de Haulduur, current leader of the Covenant forces.

But, instead of being elated at his new position, Blay'de was worried. He had recently sent a small troop of soldiers to investigate an anomaly hitting the hull of the ship, and they were not responding. That, coupled with the fact that half of the soldiers on the Carrier had left to combat a human ship, didn't bode well.

This was the perfect situation for sabotage.

"Stre'ma Elne'mee, report," he said into his comlink. There was no reply.

Blay'de turned to one of the lackeys running the ship.

"Show me the security footage from level one."

The low ranking Elite quickly accessed the feed and put it on one of the main screens planted around the bridge. The feed showed a trio of humans in combat armor rushing through the corridors of the Carrier.

Blay'de sighed; his hunch had been right.

He signaled another lackey to open a channel to the rest of the Carrier.

"All hands to abandon ship," he said.

Everyone on the bridge turned and looked at Blay'de.

Blay'de frowned. It would seem that he was expected to explain his decision to the crew.

"See that human there?" he asked, pointing to the tallest of the humans on the screen, "That is what the humans call a Spartan. One of them can cut through our troops like an energy sword through flesh. With half our troops gone to combat the human ship, we stand no chance."

As the crew realized what Blay'de was saying, they turned and rushed for the ship bays.

Soon, the bridge was empty except for one Elite. Blay'de. He looked again at the security feed, then turned and walked out the doors. But Blay'de wasn't leaving for the docking bays to look for escape.

Blay'de had work to do.

Tim's group had found an excellent spot for the bomb. It was one of the enormous docking bays lining the side of the Super Carrier, fortunately with all of the Covenant ships absent. They had left to fight the Pillar of Autumn. Once the bomb was placed, the group would only have to run several yards to get out of the ship.

Of course, it was extremely unusual for the group to have met barely any Covenant troops on their way around the ship. What few they had had put up barely any fight.

But it was their job to blow up the Carrier, not worry about where the troops had gone.

"Let's plant the bomb, boys," said Tim.

"I know what I'm supposed to do, Mr. Supersolider," growled Ajax, but he set down the bomb and began keying in the code to start its timer.

Bradshaw stood aside, gun up, covering the entrances to the room.

Suddenly, he saw something blue flicker at the edge of his vision, and turned to look. Then he wished he hadn't.

An Elite in blue and gold Field Marshal armor rushed towards him. Even by Elite standards, this one would be considered massive, but the worst part was the energy swords; one in each hand.

"Look out!" yelled Bradshaw, and began to fire.

Ajax and Tim looked up just in time to see the Elite slice Bradshaw's assault rifle in half, then pivot and kick him so hard he flew out the vast bay door.

Ajax finished keying in the code to start the two minute timer and grabbed for his DMR, only to have the Elites foot come down on it.

Ajax looked up in time to see the Elite draw back for its right energy sword, preparing for a fatal blow. Then the time bomb hit it in the head. The Elite was bowled over by the heavy explosive, down for the count.

Tim and Ajax ran to the still open bay door, ready to follow Bradshaw. Ajax jumped first, but as Tim was about to follow, a glowing plasma grenade flew past, after Ajax.

Tim's eyes followed the grenade as its static charge attracted it to Ajax. The grenade connected with Ajax's boot, and then exploded, killing him instantly.

Before Tim could do anything, one of the Elites energy swords hit him in the back.

With a small gasp for air, he slid to the floor, looking down as the glowing blue plasma blade was drawn from his body. The Elite walked around and crouched down in front of him.

"Do not expect to be long alone in whatever afterlife you believe in, human. The rest of your race will soon follow!" said Elite the in grating English.

The Elite removed Tim's jetpack, and fitted it on. Then it turned and jumped out the bay door after Ajax and Bradshaw.

Tim curled up on the floor, alone in his own world of pain.

He looked around for the bomb, and his eyes settled on it just in time to see the timer reach zero.

There was a roar, and everything flashed white, then faded.

## 11. Chapter 11

### Chapter 11

Nathan Bradshaw woke up to the feeling that something was sitting on him.

>He tried to rub his head, which felt like a Hunter had stood on it, but realized that he couldn't move his arm. He looked down, and realized that the scorched corpse of Ajax O'Connors was draped across his chest.<br>With a stifled screech, Nathan sat bolt upright. Ajax's body slid down into his lap. Nathan carefully pushed it off, then stood. He needed to figure out where exactly he was, so he could call the rest of the team.

>To his back was an enormous pile of wreckage, with a heavy black smoke pouring out of it. As Nathan looked around, he saw more and more heaps of rubble, the smallest one the size of three Phantoms.<br>With a start, he realized that he stood in New

Alexandria. Or what was left of New Alexandria. The buildings were all flaming rubble, laying shattered and broken in the dust.

>Nathan sighed and activated his comlink, "Nathan Bradshaw, reporting for pickup. I'm sending my coordinates now." He keyed in the coordinates of where New Alexandria had been.<br>"This is Jewel. We're coming in. How many survived the mission?" blared the comlink.

>Nathan looked back at Ajax's body, "Unsure. O'Connors is dead, but I haven't seen Noble Five."<br>"This isn't good," said Jewel, "Dark Wolf won't like this..."<p>>"Why not?"<p>

Five hundred feet away from Nathan Bradshaw stood Blay'de Haulduur. Just like Bradshaw, he had just called in his own pickup. He was checking the ETA of his reinforcements when his comlink crackled to life.

>"Supreme Commander," said the Elite on the other end of the line, "We are picking up human communications. One of the humans is to your left."<br>Blay'de grinned viciously; so he hadn't killed all of the human strike team after all! This will be fun, he thought, jogging off in the direction he had been pointed.

It was Bradshaw's radar that saved him.

>The tracking system activated at the last moment, warning him of the enemy closing in. Bradshaw reached for his assault rifle, but then remembered it had been destroyed. All he had was a magnum. He turned to face Blay'de, just as the Elite leaped over a pile of rubble.<br>As Bradshaw fired, Blay'de activated his stolen jetpack, and flew over the rounds Bradshaw had squeezed off.

>"Two can play at that game," whispered Bradshaw, and activated his own jetpack.<br>The two fighters spiraled upwards, each trying to get the upper hand. Blay'de dove forwards, hacking with his energy sword, but Bradshaw ducked the attack and kicked Blay'de in the stomach. Blay'de twirled away, ready for another pass, but then his fuel ran out.

>Bradshaw watched his opponent plummet to the ground below, and decided that the Elite would suffer fatal injuries. He let up on his jetpack, slowly drifting down after the Elite. It was only after the Elite reactivated its jetpack, put away its sword, and tackled him in midair that Bradshaw realized it was a ruse.<br>Blay'de grabbed both of Bradshaw's wrists and tried to head butt him. Bradshaw lifted his knee and the Elite knocked himself in the head. Then Bradshaw pressed forwards with his knee, trying to make the Blay'de let go of his wrists. Unfortunately, the weight of both a human and an Elite was proving too much for the jetpack, and the grappling opponents began to drift back down to the surface.

>Just as Bradshaw's feet touched the charred ground, Blay'de swept them out from under him with a swift kick. Blay'de then lifted his target by the wrists and threw him almost ten feet. Before Bradshaw could get back up, Blay'de had his energy sword out and was closing in the distance between them.<br>Blay'de grabbed Bradshaw's head in one hand, and hefted the energy sword with the other, ready for the killing blow. Then the ground a few feet away from them exploded.

>Blay'de snarled and looked up, only to see an enormous Pelican, its cannon ready for another shot. As he watched, lines dropped from the back of the Pelican, and ODST marines began to rappel down to the ground.<br>A squad of marines marched towards them.

>"Let the soldier go!" said their leader in English. This human was

larger than the others, and probably a Spartan.<br>Blay'de looked at his prisoner, then back at the squad of soldiers. He grunted, contemplating what to do next.

>"Come on, alien! There's no escape for you!" said the Spartan.<br>Blay'de thought of something. It was rather daring, but it would probably get him out of this predicament alive. He shrugged, and then threw his captive at the squad. While the humans were distracted with ducking, Blay'de charged.

>He hurdled the Spartan, and leaped on the group of soldiers crouching behind it. He dispatched one with a quick slice, and kicked another away. The other humans scattered, seeking to put a good distance between them and the Elite.<br>Blay'de tackled one of the humans, and raised his energy sword, but something grabbed his hand. He turned in time to see a close up of the Spartans fist.

>SMACK!<br>Blay'de realized he was lying on his back in the dirt, an extreme pain in one of his lower mandibles. Then something grabbed him by the neck and picked him up. It was the Spartan.

>Blay'de had no doubt of a Spartans strength; he had seen them flip over extremely large vehicles, vehicles that would kill a normal human just by running them over. Thus, being picked up by a Spartan was not a good idea.<br>Blay'de looked about for his energy sword, just in time to see the Spartan kick the deactivated weapon aside.

>He looked closely at the Spartan; something seemed familiar about this human&#128|<br>"You cut off my hand." The Spartan whispered.

>Oh, yes. The Spartan had dared to wield a sacred weapon. In retaliation, he and a group of other Elites had subdued the Spartan and cut off his hand. They had thought it would end with the humiliation of the Spartan and expulsion from the human military. To them, humiliation was far worse than death. But, here was the Spartan, and now, Blay'de noticed, with a mechanical hand. He should have killed this one when he had the chance. Then Blay'de remembered something.<br>The Spartan he had cut the hand off had been female.

>Blay'de was being defeated by a human female.<br>With lightning speed, Blay'de unclipped his second energy sword from its place on his back and swung it at the Spartan. The human female caught this hand as well, then tossed Blay'de over her shoulder.

>Blay'de rolled when he hit the ground and sprinted good distance away from his opponent. Turning to face the Spartan, Blay'de checked the ETA of his reinforcements again and smiled. And the ground exploded again as a Phantom, escorted by two Banshees swept down out of the sky.<br>The Spartan turned to the Pelican, still hovering nearby, and motioned for it to get away. The Pelican obliged and flew away, tailed by one of the Banshees.

>The other Banshee sprayed the ground with plasma fire, forcing the humans to take cover. The Phantom set down next to Blay'de, who quickly climbed into the large carrying area underneath the craft.<br>He smiled as the Phantom swept up into the air, and away from the pesky humans. The Spartan would not get her revenge today.

Meanwhile, Jewel crept out from behind a pile of rubble, and watched the receding Covenant aircraft.

>She turned on her comlink, "Well, we're on the surface. What's our next mission?"<br>She did not think Dark Wolf would be happy about either their next mission or the fact that Tim was MIA.

>3mins ago<p>

## 12. Chapter 12

### Chapter 12

Dark Wolf did not want to be doing this.

His current mission was to claim a Covenant Spire. A Spire.

Holland claimed that the new UNSC AI, Cortana, would be able to reprogram a Spire's shield to repel Covenant technology instead of UNSC tech. She would also be able to reprogram its teleporter to destroy Covenant ships being sent to the surface, reducing some of the size of the Covenant army on Reach. This would make an excellent base for the reestablished human population on Reach.

Thus, the New Noble Team (minus one) would be heading in to capture a Spire and plug Cortana into it. Dr. Halsey had protested, but Cortana was currently their strongest AI- not to mention having been built on several pieces of Forerunner tech. She was the only one able to reprogram the Spire.

Speaking of Cortana, Dark Wolf had the AI strapped to his belt now. Seeing as she was to reprogram Covenant technology, a special casing had been designed for Cortana. It was the size of a hand grenade, and had a rather mean looking spike on one end. The spike was apparently for accessing computers - and nothing else, as the Noble Team had been repeatedly informed.

The team was in a Falcon now, flying full tilt for the nearest Spire. They were, of course, madly pursued by seven Banshees. Dark Wolf was also sitting in the left hand gunner seat, spraying machine gun bullets at one of them. As he watched, his target Banshee burst into purple flames and fell. Dark Wolf immediately focused on another Banshee, without stopping the flow of bullets from his machine gun.

Jewel was in the gun on the opposite side of the craft, she was also firing at the Banshees. Chris, Mage, and Holmes sat in the main hold of the Falcon.

Tim was absent.

Another reason for not wanting to do this mission: no sign of Noble Five had been found, and from the description given by the only surviving member of the strike team, Tim hadn't made it out alive. Their two past missions had been mixed successes, and Dark Wolf didn't want to test if this one would be as well. But, orders were orders, and the mission would have gone on with or without him. He could at least go along to make sure none of his team mates were killed.

Then Cortana was in his headpiece, "We're approaching the target, Nobles. Get ready."

Dark Wolf still didn't get how she could be hooked up to a piece of equipment made for hacking computers, and the whole team's comlinks at the same time.

But Dark Wolf did know that if the Falcon landed with several Banshees on its tail, then the craft would never take off again. So, he had three plasma grenades on his belt as well. Now, he decided, was an excellent time to use them.

He quickly grabbed one, popped its pin, and threw the now glowing sphere at one of the Banshees.

It took several seconds before the grenade erupted, destroying the Banshee, and throwing its debris towards several others. The flaming hull of the Banshee collided with another, the resulting explosion destroying both.

Dark Wolf smiled, snatched another grenade, and threw it at a new Banshee. The grenade caused even more chaos among the group of pursuers.

There was only one Banshee left now; Jewel had destroyed two more during Dark Wolf's grenade attack. Then the last Banshee exploded. Dark Wolf quickly looked across the Falcons holding bay at his partner.

Jewel gave him a thumbs up, "I can't let you have all the fun can I?"

"Attention Nobles!" said Cortana, "We will be landing shortly. Gunners, keep the ground clear!"

The Falcon was quickly closing in on a Spire, one of the two hundred foot tall Covenant force field generators. Several curving supports made up most of the Spire, the top being a small command center- which in turn was dominated by a crown of large spikes. The structure was made even taller by the by a beam of white energy that constantly streamed from its top. The beam spread out over the Spire and swept down back to the ground, covering the entire Spire and the ground surrounding it.

The force field prevented any long range tactical fire from hitting the Spire, and aircraft from reaching it- forcing opponents to go in and manually destroy it. This made Spires's extremely convenient troop bunkers, which was exactly why the UNSC wanted one.

There were several Spires set up in a row, spanning over two miles right through the landscape of Reach. The Falcon quickly dropped down close to the ground, avoiding radar and approaching the nearest Spire.

Just before it could pass through the energy field, the Falcon slowed, and its propellers quickly turned to point up. The craft came to a stop several dozen yards away from the force field.

"Everybody out!" said Dark Wolf and jumped out of the Falcon.

Already Covenant troops had noticed the helicopter and were calling alarms. Jewel and the rest of the team quickly exited the Falcon, which then swiftly took off.

An Elite raced forwards, bellowing in anticipation of battle.

"Come at me, big guy!" roared Mage. He raced forwards, giving the Elite an uppercut. As the Elite fell, Mage whipped out his shotgun, and blasted the alien in the face.

Then the rest of the Noble team charged past him, guns blazing.

Ra'shiid Eldum'ee was a purple Zealot class Elite. And he disliked his job now, seeing as the Spire under his command was being attacked by a team of humans. The worst part was how fast they were destroying his troops.

He stood at the purple field surrounding the main hub of his Spire, watching as the humans destroyed Grunt, Jackal, and the occasional Elite fell before the demons.

He turned to a Grunt nearby, "Throw grenades at the humans," he commanded. The Grunt nodded, popped one of its plasma grenades, and threw it down at the human strike team.

Ra'shiid marched back into the main hub of the Spire, to his post at the force field generator. If the humans got past the grenade throwing Grunts, and every other troop on the ground, then they would have to be special humans indeed. Blay'de had called special humans 'Spartans,' but there were no more Spartans.

In any case, if the humans did get to the top of his Spire, Ra'shiid was one of the specially selected Energy Sword wielders. He would be able to dispose of a group of humans.

CRACK!

Ra'shiid turned at the sudden noise, in time to see one of the Grunts come flying in the door to the main hub. It was closely followed by a human in red armor. The human yelled something and charged.

Ra'shiid pulled out his Energy Sword and turned it on, just in time for the human to hit him right in the chest. Everything went black for a moment, and everything cleared in time for Ra'shiid to see the human sitting on his chest and pointing a gun at him.

The human fired several times, just enough, Ra'shiid's HUD told him, to deplete his shields. Then the human got off Ra'shiid's chest, grabbed him by the collar, and dragged him out of the hub onto the surrounding field.

Then the human threw him off the edge.

Dark Wolf didn't even pause to watch the Elite hit the ground, instead, he turned around and marched back into the hub, and up to the main console.

"Get ready, Cortana," he said, and jammed her infiltration device into the computer. Then he turned to the rest of the team, who had been busy clearing the main hub of Covenant troops.

"Chris, Mage, secure the Outside of the Spire," he said, "Holmes and Jewel? help me defend the Spire while Cortana works on taking it."



Chris and Mage ran back to the outside of the Spire, and began to circle the perimeter of the purple field.

Mage was halfway around the Spire when he heard Chris scream.

Mage turned and sprinted back to the other side of the field, where he found a Phantom, and Chris's corpse blown against the wall. Mage looked at Chris, then back at the Phantom.

"YOU..." Mage began cursing and firing his shotgun at the Phantom, which (being a Phantom) simply withstood it.

Mage was considering throwing some grenades at it when the Phantom sparked, and fell out of the sky. Then Mage noticed that the Spire's force field had turned green.

"ABOUT TIME!" he roared as Dark Wolf exited the hub to check on them.

"Why... Oh..." said Dark Wolf, as he saw Chris's remains. "Cortana, find me a channel with Colonel Holland," he said, turning to go back inside, "I want to have a word with him."

### 13. Chapter 13

#### Chapter 13:

"I understand your concern, Noble Leader, but we can't back out now because you're scared you'll lose more men. This is war. Good soldiers lose their lives daily. And more will lose their lives if you drop out of the mission," said Colonel Holland.

"I know, but I lost my previous team in this. I don't want to lose another," replied Dark Wolf. He stood at the outer balcony of the first UNSC Spire, discussing with the Colonel how exactly he felt about having his team killed off.

"I know what you mean," said Holland, "I have lost good friends in war. But, we should keep on fighting for them. We can't leave just to grieve and guard the friends we have left."

Dark Wolf sighed in resignation. Some people claimed to have good friends that died, but they didn't know their friends like he'd known his squad—they were like family to him. With his emotions put aside, he asked the Colonel, "What's our next mission?"

"We need several covenant anti-aircraft canons so we can land on the planet en-masse. A Pelican will be here to pick you up soon."

Dark Wolf paused for a moment, not wanting to accept—he was bound by duty though to give the simple answer, "Yes sir."

"Colonel Holland out," Dark Wolf's comlink went dead. He turned around and headed back into the Spires main hub.

The remaining three members stood in front of the shield generator console, talking. Mage noticed Dark Wolf and turned around.

"Hey, boss," he said, "How did it go?"

"Not very well, from my point of view," said Dark Wolf with a hint of anger, "We've got a new mission."

This got Jewel and Holmes attention, "A new mission? What is it?" asked Holmes.

"We've got to take out a bunch of anti-aircraft guns so the cavalry can arrive."

"Excellent!" laughed Mage with heartiness, "How many of us do you think will die this time?"

Everyone stared at him.

"What? I was just kidding!"

"Alright, then," said Dark Wolf, "Cortana, do you have the mission details?"

Cortana's face appeared on the screen of the console, "Yes, they were transmitted here several seconds ago."

"Very well then, what do we need?"

\*\* 1 hour later\*\*

Dark Wolf blasted the last Grunt with his assault rifle and turned to the energy core of the team's second anti-aircraft gun. A few more rounds opened the case around the swirling plasma, into which Dark Wolf inserted an active plasma grenade. Then he ran for his life.

Outside the anti-aircraft guns energy compartment, Dark Wolf ran to the teams Warthog.

"Let's go!" he yelled as he leaped into the back of the truck, beside Mage's Gauss. Holmes stomped on the gas, and the Warthog raced away from the anti-aircraft gun just before it exploded.

"How many more do we have?" Dark Wolf yelled over the roaring engine.

"Three," called back Jewel. This time she was the one to have Cortana hooked up to her helmet. Dark Wolf didn't envy her; Cortana was a nuisance when she wasn't an advantage.

The Warthog raced across the rocky terrain of Reach, headed for its next quarry. As it rounded a large boulder, a plasma blast hit right behind it.

"What was that?" yelled Dark Wolf, looking around in surprise.

"PHANTOM!" roared Mage, and brought his Gauss to bear on the enormous troop carrier swooping above them.

ZORT! ZORT! ZORT!

Mage fired off three blasts from his Gauss, and blasted off the troop

carriers canon. Immediately a Jackal sniper leaned out the loading bay and opened up with its needler rifle. Mage ducked under the purple darts, then aimed his Gauss again, albeit more carefully.

ZORT!

The golden beam of energy blasted right through the loading bay of the Phantom, killing the Jackal immediately. An Elite stepped up to bat with another needler rifle.

"Oh, come oh!" complained Mage, as more darts began flying past his head.

Jewel stood up from the passenger's seat and began to shoot at the Elite with her magnum. A bullet hit the Elite in the shoulder, and it roared in pain. Now with a grudge (and a new target) the Elite lobbed a plasma grenade at the Warthog.

The grenade connected with a tire and exploded, flipping over the Warthog. The remains of the Noble Team were knocked off the Warthog and onto the trail.

The Elite grunted in satisfaction and took aim with its needler rifle again.

Jewel stood up and began to search for her magnum, which she had lost in the explosion.

Dark Wolf stood up just in time to see her scream and crumple, holding her leg. Red blood seeped from a puncture wound, and the muscle seemed to buckle underneath her. Rage clouded his vision- he wasn't going to let another member of his team die!

Dark Wolf raced to the damaged Warthog and flipped it over, then leaped into the gunner's seat. With a moment's aim and a loud ZORT, the Elite was blown out of the loading bay as well.

The Phantom then peeled away, apparently out of snipers. While somewhat relieved, the Noble Team still feared for their female comrade.

Dark Wolf immediately raced back to Jewel, in time to see Holmes bending over Jewel's injured leg.

"What happened?" he asked.

"The needle hit her in the calf. She won't be able to walk for a while," replied Holmes.

"Is the needle still in?"

"No, it went in one side and out the other."

"We need to get her some medical attention imme-"

"Hey, Dark Wolf!" yelled Mage, "You had better get over here quick!"

Dark Wolf turned to see Mage standing on top of the Warthog, looking

out away from the road.

He climbed up next to Mage, "What is i- oh..." he trailed off.

The Phantom had dispatched a team of Elites, all of them General class, and all of them wielding energy swords.

"We have to get Jewel out of here now," he said.

## 14. Chapter 14

### Chapter 14:

Without a moments hesitation Dark Wolf leaped off the Warthog and ran over to Jewel, slung her over his shoulder and then ran for his life.

"Let's go!" he yelled to Mage and Holmes, "Start up the Warthog!"

Holmes leaped into the driver's seat and revved up the slightly broken Warthog while Mage jumped into the gunners seat again. Dark Wolf put Jewel in the passenger seat, then clung to the side of the Warthog as Holmes stomped the gas.

A distance away from the Elites, Holmes slowed and turned on the radio, "Hello, this is the Noble Team; we're under fire from a squad of Elites and have an injured team member, here. We need backup, repeat, we need backup!"

The radio crackled, "Copy that, Noble Team. Pelican is in the air towards your last recorded position. Over and out."

Holmes looked at Dark Wolf, who was clinging to the roll cage frame around the cockpit. "Backup is on its way!"

"Great. Now how do we survive long enough for them to get to us?" said Dark Wolf as he looked back at the charging team of Elites.

"We keep ahead of them. Elites can't exactly chase down a Warthog, can they?"

A trio of Elites blasted through the squad on Ghosts.

"Yeah, me and my big mouth," grumbled Holmes and stomped the gas again.

The Warthogs tires spun for a second on the gritty ground, but caught and the team sped away from their three pursuers.

Mage swung the Gauss around to face the three Elites, and pulled the trigger. A bolt of energy blew out one of the front gravity lifts on the first Ghost. The vehicle flipped over and exploded, killing the rider. The other two opened fire with their plasma guns, spraying the landscape with blue energy.

Just then, Dark Wolf noticed a Pelican coming in.

"Holmes, turn around!" he yelled, "The Pelican is headed for our last

recorded position, which is the anti aircraft gun!"

"You're crazy, Leutinnant," said Holmes, but he hit the brakes and spun the Warthog around. Then he stomped the gas, propelling the Warthog back between the two Ghosts. But as the Ghosts whipped by, one of the Elites leaped off its Ghost and right onto the Warthogs Gauss.

"Whoa!" yelled Mage, Elite pulled itself closer to him along the Gauss, "That's close enough, pincer-mouth!"

The Elite hissed angrily and pulled out its energy sword.

Mage ducked to the left, narrowly avoiding a blow that would have taken off his head. "I said that's close enough!" he yelled, and pulled his shotgun off his back. The Elite swung its sword again, and Mage stepped back, allowing the sword to swipe the Gauss's chest brace off.

Then Dark Wolf reached around and shot the Elite in the back of the head with his assault rifle.

Mage shoved the alien corpse off the Warthog, "Darn it, I had him!"

"Yeah, right. He was about to get you through the chest," said Dark Wolf as he pointed his gun back towards the squad of Elites, "And I'm not letting \_that\_ happen again."

Mage sighed in exasperation; he could take a couple of Elites. Unfortunately, he got his wish as the Warthog plowed back through the squad of Elites on its way to the Pelican. Several of the Elites copied their now dead brother and leaped onto the vehicle, where they attempted to kill the crew.

Holmes simply shoved the Elite trying to stab him off the side of the Warthog. Jewel was in no shape to take on the blue and gold Elite climbing up her side of the Warthog, so Dark Wolf blasted it in the face. Unfortunately, Mage had to contend with four Elites, who were all climbing up the rear of the Warthog.

Mage spun the Gauss around and fired it, turning one of the Elites into a flaming corpse that fell off the Warthog. Another Elite in red armor snarled angrily and swiped the barrel of the Gauss with its energy sword.

Mage immediately whipped the Gauss back around and smacked the Elite in the jaw with the sliced up back of the gun. The Elite grunted and grabbed the Gauss, using the weapon to pull itself towards Mage. Mage then, of course, pulled out his shotgun and blasted the Elite through the mouth. Another Elite in green armor pulled the now dead one Elite off the Gauss and stabbed at Mage.

Mage dodged the stab, then turned back to face the Elite just in time to see Dark Wolf shoot it twice in the stomach then shove it off the back of the Warthog. The green Elite tumbled onto the back of a truly massive Elite, just as it finished pulling itself up onto the Warthog. The Elite wore pure black armor with red highlights, and bellowed in rage as its dead comrade tumbled down its back and off the Warthog.

Before Mage or Dark Wolf could do anything the Elite stabbed Mage through the chest.

Mage stared dumbly at the plasma blade protruding from his chest, then looked back up at the Elite wielding it.

"Well, better say good bye," he said, then he swung the shotgun up and around, bringing it down on the Elite's elbow. The Elite howled in pain and let go of its energy sword, which Mage immediately pulled out of his chest.

Mage turned around and saluted Dark Wolf, "Good to have worked with you, sir." Then he turned around and sliced the Gauss off its rotary plate and shoved the destroyed weapon into the Elites face. Then he jumped onto the Elite as well, and the two tumbled off the back of the Warthog.

Dark Wolf stared in dismay as the grappling combatants receded into the distance. Mage would die even if he survived the Elite and the fall. Being stabbed through the chest was not a flesh wound.

"We're at the Pelican, sir!" yelled Holmes. Dark Wolf turned to see that they were indeed underneath the Pelican. Holmes hit the brakes and the Warthog screeched to a halt. The Pelican swooped down and turned around, it's loading bay open. Inside a medical crew waited for Jewel.

"Let's go!" yelled Dark Wolf. He jumped off the back of the Warthog and scooped Jewel out of her seat, then ran for the Pelican.

With a mechanical hum, the remaining Ghost whipped past, spraying plasma bolts at the flaming Warthog and the Spartans.

"Go, sir!" Holmes yelled, "Get Jewel to the Pelican! I'll hold off the Elites!"

Dark Wolf leaped into the Pelicans loading bay and gently put down Jewel on a waiting stretcher. The medical crew immediately rushed Jewel towards the front of the Pelican, where they locked her stretcher to the wall and began treating her leg. Then Dark Wolf realized that Holmes wasn't in the Pelican.

"Holmes!" he yelled and rushed to the bay doors. There was Holmes, firing DMR gun at the Ghost as it swept past again. Holmes looked up at the Pelican when he heard Dark Wolf.

"\_Go,\_ Dark Wolf!" he yelled. The Ghost came back for another pass, and Holmes leaped onto the front. There, he kicked the piloting Elite in the face, shoved it off the Ghost, and jumped into the driver's seat.

"Why? You can still get in here! There's still time!" Dark Wolf said.

"No there isn't! That Phantom came back around and started dropping Revenants!"

Dark Wolf looked towards the approaching squad of Elites in surprise. Indeed, there were three Revenants at the head of the group. As he

watched, the Phantom flew back over head, dropping another Revenant as it passed.

"If that thing keeps dropping Revenants, then soon they'll have enough firepower to shoot down the Pelican! Just go! I'll keep them back long enough for you to get out of range!" yelled Holmes.

Dark Wolf sighed in resignation; Holmes was right. If the Pelican didn't get out of there soon, the Revenants would be able to shoot it down.

He looked to the front of the Pelican, where he saw the medical team treating Jewel and the cockpit. Suddenly, the pilot looked back at him.

"We have to get out of here now!" called the pilot, "If we don't, those Revenants will shoot us down!"

Dark Wolf sighed again.

"Let's go," he said, "let's get out of here."

The pilots head receded back into the cockpit, and the Pelican began to rise.

Dark Wolf looked back out the bay doors, just as they began to close. His last view of Holmes was him racing towards the Elite squad at top speed, its plasma blasters blazing. Then the bay doors closed with a final boom, cutting off Dark Wolf's view of Holmes.

Dark Wolf leaned against the wall of the Pelican.

"Why do they all have to go Lone Wolf?" he asked.

## 15. Chapter 15

### Chapter 15

Blay'de Haulduur stood in the middle of a large room, filled to the brim with Forerunner technology. He was sure that the technology held the power to destroy the human race, and all others that stood in the path of the Covenant. He just had to figure out how to unlock it.

He had the best techies in the Covenant working on the Forerunner technology, and soon they would crack its code. They scrambled on and around the huge peices of machinery, trying to figure out what each thing did and how to replicate it. In the meantime, Blay'de had a personal vendetta to uphold.

The Spartan female had taken him apart incredibly easily. Blay'de didn't like that.

He marched out of the room and down a long purple hallway, turning several corners until he came to a large door. It hissed open and he stepped into a large room, filled with dummies and weapons. A training room.

Blay'de walked up to a rack of energy swords, and selected two. He walked up to one of the dummies, which was shaped crudely like a

human and wore a partially shattered Spartan helmet. With practiced ease he activated one of the energy swords and sliced its head off in one quick motion.

Suddenly a bullet whizzed past his ear. He ducked behind the beheaded practice dummy and peeked around it. Protruding from another dummy's chest was the barrel of a human gun. Blay'de smiled. He had asked his technicians to upgrade the dummies, to give him more realistic practice sessions. This was just what he was looking for.

**\*\*Several months later...\*\***

Jewel was recovering nicely, thanks to the sacrifice of Holmes. She was now able to make her way around the Pillar of Autumn on crutches, but she still wanted to be out and fighting. The Covenant attacked almost daily, now that the humans had shown up to take their territory back. The attacks so far had been repelled, but she knew that they would need all the Spartans possible in the field to have any chance at victory.

Now she hobbled to the bridge of the Pillar of Autumn, to talk with Colonel Holland about an idea she had. As she entered the large area, she searched for the Colonel among the dozens of computers, holographic screens, and technicians. He was standing by a huge floor to ceiling holographic topography map of Reach.

"Colonel," she called as she made her way over to him.

He turned, "Jewel!" he said, "I was just going to ask that you report to the bridge."

"What about?" Jewel asked.

"Given the success rate of the UNSC after the Noble team was rebuilt-"

"You want to make another one," said Jewel, cutting him off, "I had just the same idea."

Colonel Holland smiled. "I thought you might share my view. You are one of the best Spartan strategists, and Dark Wolf has been slightly... disagreeable." The Colonel traced his fingers along a fist shaped dent in the computers keyboard.

"Okay..." said Jewel. "So what about making a new team did you want my help for?"

The Colonel pressed a button on the damaged keyboard, and the topography map of Reach was replaced by a picture of a female Spartan in green and black armor.

"This is Angela. She's part of the Spartan II program, and an excellent Sniper. She and her brother Andrew were recruited from a small colony that was destroyed in an early Covenant attack. And this..." Holland pulled up a video and played it, "This is a video of her in action."

The video was from the point of view of an ODST trooper. A squad of Jackals charged towards him, activating their shields. Suddenly, one of the Jackals dropped. The others went into a panic, searching for



the assassin who had killed their brother, but their search was futile. One by one, they dropped dead, until only the angry commander was left, backing away from the ODST trooper, holding his shield up defensively. Suddenly Angela appeared behind him, drew a knife, and stabbed him through the back. The video ended.

"Well?" said Colonel Holland, "What do you think?"

"I think she'll do fine." said Jewel.

## 16. Chapter 16

### Chapter 16

"You have all been brought here today because you are considered the best of the best," said Jewel. She stood on the training course, still wearing a leg brace, before four Spartans.

Angela and another female Spartan were in the group; this one had black and silver armor. Her name was Nova; she was an excellent pilot and not too bad a marksman, either.

Next to them stood a large Spartan in grey and red armor- Angela's brother Andrew. He was an amazing combat and demolitions expert.

The final Spartan was a medium sized fellow in white and red armor called Prometheus. It wasn't actually his name- it was just what he was called given that he was a brilliant improviser with weaponry.

"We are currently somewhat low on members of the Noble team, so you all have been promoted," continued Jewel, "Cortana has analyzed your skills, but Colonel Holland wants a test for you. Thus, we have this training course." Jewel gestured to the (by now) infamous Noble Team training course, the same one she had gone through, some weeks before.

"You are to make it through the course uninjured, and please try to work as a team," said Jewel, "Your test begins now."

The new Noble Team recruits looked confused for a moment, but they hadn't gotten here because they were slow. Andrew was the first to run towards the insanely difficult training course. Angela, Prometheus and Nova followed soon after.

Andrew pulled a shotgun off his back as he raced towards the first hungry alien monster that dared cross his path. He leaped onto the monster's head, blew its brains out with the shotgun, and raced along its spine to jump at the first climbing wall.

Angela and the others skirted around monstrous alien and began on the climbing wall as well. They reached the top and looked down the other side to see Andrew tearing apart a group of punching dummies with his bare fists.

"What is it with your brother?" asked Nova.

"Honestly, sometimes I don't know, myself," answered Angela.

Prometheus brushed past them and leaped off the climbing wall, cushioning his fall on a training dummy with its arms torn off.

"Boys," snarled Nova, and jumped off the wall as well. Angela shrugged and leaped off after her.

Andrew finished off the last dummy and marched forwards into an open section of the course. Nothing seemed to be wrong, so he started forwards.

And an arm wearing white and red armor blocked his path. Andrew looked over to see Prometheus.

"If nothing appears to be wrong, then something usually is," Prometheus said in an Asian accent. Then he pulled a grenade off his belt and, without priming it, threw it into the open area. As soon as it hit the ground, the floor exploded.

"See?" he said, "Mines."

Andrew nodded. Now that he knew the place was mined, his demolitions training came to mind. If you could create a big explosion, then it should cause a chain reaction and destroy all the mines. The problem was making a big explosion.

Andrew primed one of his grenades and threw it at the minefield. The explosion triggered three mines, but it didn't cause a chain reaction.

Andrew then primed another grenade and rolled it across the minefield. This series of explosions was enough to cause a chain reaction.

The floor practically blew itself to smithereens.

"C'mon, it's safe to go now," he said to Prometheus. The two of them marched across the minefield safely. Then they stopped.

And looked up.

"Suppose this is the fabled killer climbing wall?" asked Andrew.

"It does look rather 'killer,'" said Prometheus.

The wall stretched up and even further up, and bristled with spikes, fire, lava, alien monsters, and automatic weaponry.

"Whoop-dee-doo," said Andrew in a monotone voice, and started towards the wall. Prometheus sighed and followed.

A few minutes later, Nova and Angela made their way to the killer wall. Nova cracked her knuckles, then started up the wall. Angela started up as well.

They made it halfway up the wall before its Nobody-Ever-Gets-Over-Me program activated, a platform bristling with guided missiles popped out of a section of the wall below the two Spartans.

Angela looked down the wall at a strange roaring noise, and saw the missiles readying to fire.

"MiiiiISSILES!" she yelled and began climbing faster. Nova looked back to see what was the matter, and saw one of the guided missiles streaking towards them.

She pressed herself against the climbing wall and the missile shot past her, but then turned and came back at them.

"Figures," she grunted, and with one hand pulled her DMR off her back and pointed it at the missile. Her bullet hit it dead in the nose, and the guided missile exploded.

Then she pointed the DMR back down at the missile platform, just as it readied to fire again. Then she let go of the wall.

As Nova plummeted towards the missile platform, she carefully readied her DMR, one second too soon, and it wouldn't do anything. One too late, and she would be blown to smithereens.

She fired.

A guided missile launching is a delicate process. The computer has to aim the platform, choose the missile, and then send the order to that specific missile to launch. A bullet in that missile does nothing to help the process. The platform exploded in a ball of fire, propelling Nova up and past Angela- almost to the top of the wall.

Angela looked up at Nova, "Anything you could do to help?"

Nova remembered Jewels instructions- to try and work as a team.

"I'll cover you," she said. The climbing wall's computers recognized this phrase, and immediately began throwing everything it had at the two Spartans.

A phalanx of angry bat-aliens swooped towards Angela, and a hole opened in the wall next to her and began spurting lava.

Nova quickly switched her DMR to semi-automatic and blasted the bat-aliens out of the air. Angela leaped aside of the lava and began climbing faster to escape the heat. A spike shot out of the wall in front of her.

Angela reached up, grabbed the spike and pulled herself up and onto it. Then she stood and jumped farther up the wall.

The wall quickly analyzed this, and turned on the automated flamethrowers.

FWOOSH!

Nova barely leaped aside in time as a long robot arm reached around and aimed a flamethrower at her. The bright yellow burst of flame swept over the wall where she had been, scorching it.

Nova quickly aimed her DMR and shot the flamethrower arm through the nozzle, creating some very interesting pyrotechnics. Then she looked

down, and realized that three more flamethrowers had Angela cornered.

"Hey! Your mother was a microwave!" she yelled, and shot one of the flamethrowers. Immediately, the other two turned and aimed at her.

And Angela leaped on one, cutting its fuel line with her combat knife. Nova dodged a burst of flame from the other and shot it.

Angela climbed up past the flaming remains of the flamethrower arms to join Nova a few feet from the top of the climbing wall.

"Let's go," she said. Together, they climbed up the final stretch of the climbing wall, which for some reason, ignored them as they reached the top.

"Hmm," said Nova, as she looked down the other side of the wall, "It's a surprisingly small drop here, and it looks oddly cushy. Do you think something's wrong?"

"Yup," said Angela as she pulled her sniper rifle off her back.

Then a long bar popped out of the wall behind them and pushed them off the edge.

"AUGH!" they both yelled as they plummeted less than ten feet onto a soft rubber floor. There was a metal door at the end of the small room.

"What the heck?" said Angela as she sat up.

"I don't know, but I officially hate this training course," said Nova.

"Oh, it's just something to show that there's always something waiting just before the finish line to surprise you," said Andrew as he walked through the metal door, "It got me and Prometheus, too."

Jewel walked into the small enclosure behind Andrew.

"Come on," she said, "The Colonel wants to speak to you."

"I would like to welcome you all to the New Noble Team," said Colonel Holland as he stood before the four Spartans, "In a short time, Cortana will give you your designations, and then you-"

BOOM!

The door behind the Colonel burst open, and in stomped Dark Wolf.

"And what is going on?" he demanded.

Dark Wolf stared at the Colonel, Jewel and the recruits for the (new) New Noble Team.

"How about an answer?" he snarled.

Holland and Jewel shared an awkward look.

Holland stepped forwards.

"Well, judging by your pastâ€¦| umâ€¦| problemsâ€¦| we judged it prudent to-

"Not consult me about reconstructing my team after almost all of the members were KIA? \_Twice?\_"

Colonel Holland coughed and stepped back, giving the floor to Jewel.

She sighed, "Okay, listen here, Dark Wolf. I'll tell you why we're rebuilding the team again."

Dark Wolf folded his arms, "Then say it."

"We're rebuilding the team again because we \_need \_them. The past Noble Teams have helped to take down or capture Covenant Spires, recapture UNSC territory, everything. They've helped our cause exponentially, God rest their souls. This new team might be able to help reclaim Reach if you let them."

Dark Wolf looked around at the newly assembled team, "Is that how you all feel?"

The Colonel, and the rest of the New Noble team nodded. Even a computer terminal on the wall chimed, showing an affirmative.

"We're going to help reclaim Reach for humanity," said Angela.

"And for our fallen friends," added Nova.

Andrew's face was covered by his helmet, but something in his voice indicated a smile. "And why not bust some heads while we're at it?" he said.

Prometheus stood there silently.

Dark Wolf growled in annoyance.

"Don't you all get it?" he asked, "I've lost two teams fighting against the Covenant. The second team was sent into action against my will several times, despite the fact that I was chosen to head it. And no matter what happens, I \_will not\_ allow more good soldiers to die for the cause of a team that ended a long time ago."

Then he turned and marched out of the room. Everyone stared after him.

Jewel sighed and turned to Colonel Holland, "I think I should talk to him about this."

She exited the room after Dark Wolf.

The Colonel coughed awkwardly and checked the computer terminal, "Okay, let's see. Cortana just readied your designations. Angela will be Noble Three, Andrew will be Noble Four, Nova Noble Five, and Prometheus Noble Six€|"

Nova leaned over to Angela and whispered, "Wow. Awkward, much?"

There was a muffled snort from Prometheus.

Colonel Holland drew himself up and said, "Alright, then. The New Noble Team is dismissed until further notice."

The team exited the room, each not exactly sure what repercussions would come from reminding the Colonel that this was technically the \_New \_New Noble Team.

## 18. Chapter 18

**\*\*New Noble Team is back people. I found a writer who decided to work with me to resurrect the first fic I ever worked on. My partners name is\*\* \*\*Littletimmy223\*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\*I suggest you all go and check him out. I'm glad this fic is back up and running. Tell me what you think.\*\***

Colonel Holland was not entirely sure what the prospects of successful meant at this point. Yes, Noble Team had had it's share of successes and failures in the past, losing Reach being the most prominent of the latter. Still, with the new recruitment, the new tactics, the new-new soldiers, things were looking for the better.

However, if their team was to be the best of the best, they had to learn how to work together. How to operate like a team, like a true mercenary band should. This was not the time for fun and games, for light training that a single ODST soldier could go through in a week.

No.

This was the battle for humanity's soul, and right now they had managed to scrape together a fighting chance. After Reach was lost, all hope seemed to vanish. It was as if a flame had been suddenly snuffed, casting blackness and despair against the backdrop of Earth.

Noble Six, or Dark Wolf as of now, was resilient. He refused to die, he refused to succumb to that darkness. Instead of going to his tomb, he had fought back valiantly against the doubt and sorrow the Covenant threw everywhere they went. It was a sight to see, the old Lieutenant crashing into the Pillar of Autumn's hanger bay, all banged up but kicking.

It was in that moment that Holland knew he there was hope.

It wasn't easy, assembling a brand new team for Dark Wolf, after he had so recently lost his old one. Yet the man didn't seem incredibly

perturbed when he was presented with his new set of soldiers. Jewel and Dark Wolf were now the only remaining members of that team.

Yes, there were setbacks. Yes, there was discontent when Dark Wolf learned of a third assembly for Noble Team. It was hard to see the people you care about die again and again, as if the pattern was never to end.

As Colonel Holland stood in the gloomy hologram room, he reminisced about these trying times, about these thoughts. His war-torn eyes were pinned to the screens in front of him, all displaying different information and updates.

Whatever the situation was, Holland knew that Dark Wolf had to get acquainted with his brand new team, and fast. If getting Reach back from the Covenant was to be their top priority, the Spartans had to be fully efficient and coordinated.

Hopefully Jewel had talked some sense into the stubborn Spartan. Holland could only hope as he continued his long, perpetual gaze.

**\*\*Down the Hall\*\***

Jewel let out an annoyed huff as she trudged after Dark Wolf, their leader going astra...again.

She could understand his anger, his fury, yet now was NOT the time to be whining and crying about how unfair life is. She needed him to see the bigger picture, and if that meant being rough, so be it.

"Slow down will you!" Jewel shouted after Wolf, the Spartan not heeding her warning.

"I don't have time for this, just go away!"

"We need to talk, Holland wants us to be at our best tomorrow."

This seemed to get him to stop, as she could see his shoulders tense. She readied herself as the man turned around to face her, his eyes piercing into hers.

"Do you think I care what Holland wants? I thought you knew me better than that, Jewel! C'mon! I'm not the kinda guy to just run blindly following orders, as if Holland knows what he's doing. No one knows what we're doing! I trusted that man, I trusted this army, to carry me and my team to safety. Guess what happened? They're all dead now!"

Jewel could see the anger and temper flaring in his eyes. She could see the distrust and worry, the doubt that clouded his once lively features. "I'm still alive. That has to count for something, right?"

Dark Wolf huffed in annoyance, his helmet hiding a scowl. "They went behind my back, you went behind my back. I thought I could trust you, Jewel."

"You can-"

"Apparently I can't!" Dark Wolf cut her off before she could finish her response. "Which really sucks, it does, because I want to trust you. You were with me in the beginning, but now I'm not so sure where you stand. This new team, they're young and inexperienced. They don't know what they're up against. Re-taking Reach?" Dark Wolf laughed, "That's gonna be a tough one to pull off. How do I know you and Holland won't stab me in the back again?"

Jewel let out a sigh, her face in a state of frustration and sympathy. "You don't, honestly. But for now, I'm asking you to give these new guys a chance. They deserve that much."

Dark Wolf was silent for a moment, his brows furrowing. Jewel could see she had gotten through to him...for now.

"Okay."

End  
file.